alised that something alarming and unusual was peated and he distinctly heard the shrill voice of Mr. Badger screaming "Heln" help. model quickly, and springing upon his chair, he clambered to the top of the book-case and settled himself there behind its exnamental front, completely hidden from viev. It was well that he had wasted no time. for as he drew in his legs the door burst open, and Old Muzzleby and Mr. Badger tottered into the turned the key in the lock. Mr.

old man wheeled swiftly about nadger gave a faint gasp and fell into the armchair, while footsteps came bounding up the stairs, and in another moment a crowbar was pried under the door and it was lifted clear off its hinges. Old Muggleby seized an axe that stood against the chimney and raised it upon his shoulders. The door fell with a crash, and two masked men sprang into the room.

VIII.

SHOWING HOW A CASE OF HEART DISEASE MAY BECOME A CASE OF MURDER.

reddy observed these rapidly succeeding and mos confusing incidents from his secluded perch up on the book-case, uncertain whether he dreamed or was really He poked his knuckles into his eyes and pinched his legs vigorously, and felt bound as the logteal result of ascertained sensations to conclude that he was in full possession of his ordinary faculties. His late friend, the imp, was certainly gone, and Teddy was not sorry, but he was forced to consider his pres ent company a poor exchange. He thrust his head over the book-case and looked about. Unhappy Mr Badger was all drawn up in a knot in the scat of the arm-chair, trying vainly to keep out of sight, quivering and shaking like a huge mass of agitated jelly old Muggleby, pale, but deflant, stood brandishing his axe. The two rufflans were directly under Teddy one of them leaning on his crowbar in an attitude that struck the boy as familiar, while the other, closer to Old Muggleby, held a revolver pointed straight for the old man's head.

In these attitudes they remained for several mo ments, as if the secondrels were uncertain how to pro ceed. Then the first one, who was evidently the lead ing spirit, still keeping his weapon levelled, walked

backward to his companion.
"You do the talking." Teddy heard him whisper, " be'll know my voice."

"Oh, ho!" the boy murmured to himself. "It's you, is it? Well, I t'ink he will know it, leastways I does, an' of dat imp wot was yere a while ago layin fer you is up ter snuff ho'll come back by de lightnin' express."

The second rufflan drew a rope from his pocket. He went over to the chair in which Mr. Badger lay crouching. The poor terrified little man growned in pitiful "My dear sir." he said, "don't shoet! Whatever

you do, don't shoot. I've only a handful of change about me, a watch and a cameo stud, but they're all all yours, all yours. Sir, think of my wife and of my babes, my cherubs. At this moment they are hanging up their stockings. If I fall, there will be none They will hang empty and bare. Think, my friend, and stay your hand !" "Oop mit you!" commanded the fellow. "Stand oop

mit your veet, alretty, and catching Mr. Badger by the nape of his neck he straightened him out, and tied his hands and feet securely. From his elevated hiding place Teddy watched this proceeding with a smile "Max, my man," he said to himself. "I'm onto you."

"Here, you!" said the ruffian, addressing Old Mug "Yust oben dot safe vot you cot py der vall." Old Muggleby stood stock still and as straight as a "Hey!" grunted the burglar. "I gif you yust der

seconts. Den I preak your headt mit mine growbar." Old Mugglety grew white and his whole body trembled, but he neither spoke nor moved from his place The other villain was exceedingly nervous and plainly anxious to have the thing over. He moved toward the old man, whose strength was fast departing. Teddy saw a broom leaning against the side of the book-case and he prepared for a strategic move. He reached down, and quickly grasped the broom-handle. Old Muggleby lifted his axe high as if to strike his assail. ant, but its weight was too much for him and it fell to the floor. He tottered, and for a moment it seemed as if he should follow, but he recovered himself.
"Open the safe, you old wretch!" cried the superio

Old Muggleby was brave. Give him credit at least for that. He folded his arms and said, "I sha'n't!

I'll die first !" The rascal lowered his pistol, and springing forward he planted a fearful blow with his clenched fist on the old man's head. At that moment Teddy leaned over the book-case, broom in hand, and knocked the mask off the fellow's face.

Old Muggleby gave a sharp cry. "My son!" he

And that was all he said or seemed likely to say in this mortal world. For his pallid face grew bloodred and he sank to the floor.

Teddy's act of interference was so quickly done and Old Muggleby's prostration followed so immediately upon it, that the boy had not been seen at all. He dropped the broom and then lay perfectly still. Young Muggleby was in a condition of consternation and dis-He looked for a moment at his father stretched out upon the floor, and then at the broom and then at

"Who did that !" he said, in a frightened whisper. "Idt vash a queer house," replied the Jew, "und idt vash Grisdmus Efe, alretty. I tond't like ter do some shobs like dis mid der Grisdmus Efe."

"Come, come, we've had enough of that. See if the old man's dead."

Max bent down and felt of Old Muggleby's pulse and heart.

"He vash teader as a driedt herring," he answered. "Cerdain." Young Muggleby's spirits were rapidly reviving.

"Then let's lay him out on the sofa," he said. They picked up the body and stretched it on the

fell over in such a way that his stony, staring eyes were fixed on his s.n. "Ugh!" he cried, "I don't like that !" and he settled it the other way. Then he turned to the hapless, shivering old man,

who, fettered and forlorn, still lay huddled up in the

"Why, bless my soul !" he said, "it's Badger! As I live, it's my good friend, Badger. Max, you con-founded scamp, why didn't you tell me it was Bad-

ger? How dared you treat a friend of mine with such indignity? Cut the rope instantly. Why, Badger, my dear old fellow, how d'ye do !" "Good evening, Peter," Mr. Badger answered, faint-

ly, when he at length stood upon his limp feet, "I hope you don't mean any harm-" Harm, Badger! How could you ask such a thing!

Why, I wouldn't harm a kitten. Nobody knows better than you how tender-hearted I am-ch, Badger !"

"This is a solumn moment, Badger," continued Young Muggleby. "Very, Peter, very."

"A heavy affliction has fallen upon me, Badger." The lawyer shook his head dolefully.

"You saw him fall, Badger. You saw my dear her breathe his last. H'm, didn't you, Badger!" and Young Muggleby glanced keenly out of his yellow eyes and toyed with his revolver. The cold perspiration powed from Mr. Badger's face and his body shook like a leaf.

"Yes, Peter," he said. "It must have been heart disease." "Aren't you sure it was heart disease, Badger !"

"I'd take my oath, Peter."

"Did it seem to you like heart disease, Max?"

"Yah, dey vashn't no toudt aboudt id."

Young Muggleby laid the pistol down upon the desk This was the moment for which Teddy had been wait

ing. The position of the three men rendered his ovements secure if he made no noise. He softly drew himself upon his hands and knees and dropped quietly down upon the floor. "I'm afraid my father died intestate, Badger ?"

Young Muggleby continued. "So he did, lad. He left no will."

"Then it will be entirely proper for me to take possession of my fortune immediately, won't it?"
"Of course, Peter, to be sure."

"A considerable part of it is here in the safe, and as I've promised Max a Christmas present and desire also to present you with one, I am profoundly annoyed

that father should have died before he opened it. Teddy stepped out from behind the book-case and picked up the pistol. Levelling it straight at Young

Muggleby's head, he said, "I kin open it, cully !"
Young Muggleby wheeled about and confronted the

cold, shiny barrel of his own revolver. "Max !" he cried, "Max !"

The Jew looked from Teddy to the young man and back again to Teddy in blank amazement.

"Tetty!" he said, " vas dot you?" sponded Teddy, "it's me. Dey 'pears ter be some he already owed a debt of hatted that could never be difference of 'pinion, Max," he continued, keeping both

his eyes and the pistol fixed on Young Muggleby "'twixt dis here gen'l'man an' me as ter whose frien you is. He t'inks you's his an' I t'inks you's mine. On his side, Max, dey's a Chris'mus present waiting fer you. On mine dey's nawthin' but frien'ship, an' it's comin' time fer you ter choose betwixt us. gen'l'man an' me is dead agin' each odder, an' I has de pistol. Now, Max, de gen'l'man is 'bout ter set vn dere in dat chair, an' he's goin' ter put his han's up back o' his bead. "Tain't jis' 's comforble as 't might be, but he's goin' ter do it. An' w'en he does it, I want you jes' ter tie him tight wid dat rope ye got in yer han'. Now, you murderin' villain-set! Young Muggleby hesitated and glanced at Max. The Jew fumbled with the rope and dropped his eyes.

"I'll Jis' count t'ree," said Teddy, "an' of you ain't lown wid yer han's back o' yer head, I'll shoot, sure Young Muggleby sat.

"Now, Max," said Teddy, "who's yer frien'?" Max drew the rope up and walked over to the chair He bound Young Muggleby's arms behind his neck and tied him firmly. Then he stepped back without a word.

"You 'n' me allers did git 'long firsteate tergedder, Max." Teddy quietly observed, lowering his weapon. Does yer do me do honor to remember me, Mr. Mug gleby ?"

Young Muggleby's face assumed a hideous expression of hatred, but he did not speak

"Yor looks as if yer did," said Teddy. "But ever of yer don't, 'tain't no edds. I ain't anxious ter rub yer back de wrong way by bringin' up de 'casion ob our meetin'. If you has fergot de state o' your stummick w'en it get done wrestlin' wid dat marble possy cat, w'y, I ain't goin' ter be mean 'nuff ter call de dis ter say. I ain't goin' ter snoot ver 'slong 's you does de square t'ing fer two reasons. I don't hanke 'bout killin' nobody, dough sich t'ings does sometimes happen down in de Fourt' Ward. But, most of all I'm acquainted wid your imp, who's a frien' er mine, an' I don't want ter do him a bad turn. But I kin shoot if I tries, and doncher fergit it !"

Mr. Badger had watched these events with the keenest interest. Indeed, something like a smile was play-ing on his lips when Teddy turned around and looked

im over.
"W'y, bless my soul!" said Teddy, imitating Young Muggleby's tones, "it's Badger! As I'live, it's my good frien' Badger. It's Badger, wot I met awhile ago in dis werry room. W'y, Badger, my dear old fellow, how d'ye do?"

"Mr. T. O'Grady, if I rightly recall Mr. Almond's card of introduction?" politely responded the lawyer.
"Kerreck," said Teddy. "Dis is a solemn mo-

" Very." "You was referrin' jis' now to de death o' my frien', Mr. P. Muggleby, senior," Teddy went on, "an' I t'ink you said dat he was murdered. Is I right er

"You are entirely accurate. Mr. O'Grady." "I t'ink you also said dat you was present an' saw

"That is perfectly true, perfectly true." "An' you menshuned dat de murderer was his own

" He was. I'll take my oath to it." You seen de trick done, too, didn't yer, Max 1"

"So dat everybody vere agrees dat de assault was ommitted, an' dat dis bloke settin' yere is de culprit!" Mr. Badger and Max nodded their heads affirm-

"Die is werry important," said Teddy. "It has a direck bearin' on de odder t'ings wot I'm yere ter talk I guess ye better put it in writin'." Mr. Badger sat down and drew up an affidavit, re-

citing clearly and succinctly the facts of the assault, but carefully omitting at Teddy's suggestion all reference to Max. This he signed and delivered to the boy, promising to have it acknowledged before a notary whenever he should desire it.

" Dat's all right," said Teddy. " Now we knows jis' where we stan's. I s'pose dat Ole Muggleby lef' a big fortun', Mr. Badgert"

"More than a million." "An' it goes ter his son an' heir?"
"Yes, he left no will."

"Now, here's de p'int," said Teddy. "Mr. Mugcleby had some fun's, trust fun's, I t'inks ye call 'em. berlongin' ter a frien' er mine by de name of Twitch Ve mir's dem fun's Mr. Badger !"

Very well, indeed, Mr. O'Grady." "W'y cert. An' so do you, hey, Mr. Muggleby? Now, jis speak right up, 'cause I'm yere fer biz from

Young Muggleby looked at the pistol and then at he boy, and muttered, "Yes, I remember." 'mounted, in roun' figgers, ter 'bout t'ree

hunnerd t'onsan' dollars. I b'lieve !" "Rather more," said Mr. Badger. "Well, p'r'aps, but dat's 'nuff. Of course, Mr. Muggleby, bein' a hones' man, yer anxious ter han'

ober dem fun's." Young Muggleby didn't seem so anxious as might have been expected. He scowled and set his teeth

hard. Teddy was resolute. He picked up the pistol. "I say yer anxious. Is I right or no?"

"I'll return the money," Young Muggleby said.
"W'y, I knowed ye would," returned Teddy. you authorize me ter open dat safe an' count out de

Young Muggleby gazed at the barrel of the revolver his termenter held, and slowly said, "Yes, take it."

TX.

IT IS CHRISTMAS MORNING AND THE LIGHT IS

BERAKING IN THE EAST.
Teddy had his ideas of justice. They may have been crude, but they possessed the great merit of sincerity. They were grounded on the righteous idea, so clearly expressed to Young Muggleby's imp, that wot's your'n is your'n." his chivalric and aggreesive soul was fired with honest zeal in the cause of Harvey and Suc. His hatred of the Mugglebys was as instinctive as his boyish affection for Miss Twitcher. The spice of darger in his present situation was just "Fourt' Ward" taste. He had made up his mind that he would force Young Muggleby to do "de square t'ing," and it did not occur to him to call into question the legal effect of his methods. He was fighting the fellow with his own tools, and they were tools

with which his mind was tolerably familiar.

"Mr. Badger," he said. "you heard Mr. Muggleby askin' me ter open de safe an' take out dem trus'

"I did, Mr. O'Grady." Teddy picked up the crank and set it for the first

box. He turned it and the panel fell down,

"Max, take out de stuff." Only a package of mortgages and correspondence was produced, and Teddy made the adjustments for the second box. It was full of envelopes, inclosing bonds and other securities. The third and the fourth contained similar kinds of valuables, but the fifth was

filled with bank-notes. As the Jew drew them forth his greedy eyes reached out of their suckets. "Max," said Teddy, sharply, "fen all monkeyin' wid de boodle." "I s'pose, Mr. Muggleby," the boy continued, sug-

gestively drawing the hammer of the pistol to a half-cock, "dat Badger bein' a frien' o' your'n an' also a frien' o' mine, you'd like him ter count out de dust,

Young Muggleby sat savage and silent. " Mus' I plead wid you for a answer, Mr. Muggleby ?"

"If you're going to rob me, do it." "Now, dat ain't no way ter talk to a gent wet yer jis' asked ter do you de favor of returning some trus'

fun's," said Teddy, stooping down and picking up the mask he had brushed from Young Muggleby's facwas you I don't t'ink I'd talk much 'bout robbin'. A fellor wot pays a Chris'mus call on his ole man wearin' a t'ing like dis and holding a pistol at de ole man's head, shouldn't say much on de subjick ob rob-You muster fergot how you was standin' ils' before de ole man tumbled. I'll show ye," and drawing the hammer to its full cock, Teddy stuck the mask on his nose and held the pistol within a foot of Young Muggleby's brow. Then he said, "Does you want Badger ter count out dem trus' fun's er no !" The trembling wretch shrank as far down in his chair as he could get and answered "Yes."

Mr. Badger came cheerily forward. "I'm delighted to assist you, Mr. Muggleby," he said. The bills were put up in packages of \$5,000 each,

carefully labelled. Mr. Badger laid bundle after bundie aside, calling off the figures slowly and with great gusto, while his face was wreathed in amfable smiles. "Three hundred thousand dollars, Friend Peter," he announced, at last. "It is all here, sir, all here. The amount is correct to a cent. Is there anything else I can do to oblige you, Peter to anything "W'y, yes, t'ank'ee, Badger," Teddy replied, "dey

It was with considerable difficulty that Young Muggleby had restrained his rage while the lawyer was handling his money. It was bad enough to have the tables turned on him by this insolent street-boy, whom

tage of his helpless condition to leer and sneer at him fropped on the camel's back when Teddy announced the torture was to be prolonged.

"What is it?" he howled. "Are you never going to top your deviltry ?"

Teddy cast a pitying look on him, and turned to "Badger," he said, "Is you on ter de fac' dat Mr. P. Muggleby, senior, had a relation by de name ob Mr.

Harvey Almond?" Young Muggleby squirmed and twisted in his chair. "To be sure I do, Mr. O'Grady, to be sure I do, a very clever young man, indeed, sir, and one whom cannot too highly respect. It was primarily upon usiness of his. I believe, that you called this evening. He is a splendid fellow, sir, a splendid fellow. I love

"So did Mr. P. Maggleby senter Padger ant he was goin' for get Mr. Almond a Chris'mus present when de rooks come, ye minds dat? Mr. Muggleby an' me hadn't finished our arrangements wid regards for Mr. Almend, but dey's no doubt in my min' but wot Mr. Muggleby had decided ter han' back ter Mr. Almond dat assignment ob his patent. Is dev enny doubt in

"None whatever, my dear Mr. O'Grady." "An' ob course, Mr. Muggleby, junior, couldn't go

back on his ole man's intentions ?" Young Muggleby foamed at the mouth

Does yer wish me ter look fer dat assignment "Take it !" he stormed. "Take everything! Only

Teddy's eyes blazed. He was cool enough, but he

"Was it a murder wot ye spoke about a while ago, Badger 1" he asked, grimly.
"A desperate murder, Mr. O'Grady."

Teddy drew out the affidavit. " An' ye writ down dere dat you was present an' saw it, hey, Badger !" "Yes, Mr. O'Grady, just as I should tell the story h a court of justica."

'An' dere lies de ole man dead, hey, Balger, wid de mark ob de blow on his head?"
"Max," said Teddy, "put all dat money back in de

safe an' shet it up, an' den go out in de street an' fetch back de fust copper wot ye kin fin'." The Jew started to obey.

"Hold on!" cried Young Muggleby. "I'll give up the patent." Well, I don't know," said Teddy, doubtfully. You're too fresh talkin' 'bout wot yer'll do w'en yer gits free. Lemme tell ye, young feller, dat you has jis' two chances o' glitin' free. One is on de gallers w'en de Sheriff swings ye free, an' de odder is by bein' nes' now fer de fust time in yer crooked life. Ye kin hev ver choice !"

"Take it!" whined the thoroughly frightened man. "Take it, loose me and go. I'll never trouble him again." " Dat ain't enuff. Ye mus' promise never ter trou-

ble her agin." "I do. I promise. I will leave the State."

"I s'pose dis housé ain't rich in Bieles, Badger?" asked the boy. "I fear not, Mr. O'Grady."

"Dat's a pity. I'd like ter make him swear it. But, nebber min', I guess he'll keep his word. Nose 'roun' 'mong de papers for dat patent."

Mr. Badger hastened to comply, and presently handed the boy a bundle of documents marked "Har-

vey Almond." 'Is I ter take 'em all?" Teddy inquired. "Yes, all-all, only let me go."
Teddy placed them among his pile of greenbacks. picked up the pistol, and said, "Now, Max, cut de

bound Young Muggleby's arms behind his head; then the cord that fastened him about the waist to the chairback was unfastened. Then each of the bits of rope that held his legs were sundered, and he started to rise. Weak, cowed and oppressed, he could scarcely lift himself upon his feet. At last, however, steadying himself, he took a step forward, stopped, grew ghastly white, and with a sharp cry fell back into his chair! There upon the sofa sat Old Muggleby, bolt upright.

His cadaverous face was stern and pale. His sunken eyes had caught an almost supernatural fire, for they glowed brilliantly far back in his head. By one hand on the back of the sofa he held himself still, while with the other, extended, it seemed, to an unpatural length, he pointed straight at his son.

"You-have-killed-me!" he said, speaking each word slowly and with horrible distinctness. dying. Hadger !- Badger ! Where is Badger !"

" Here, Friend Muggleby." "And where is that messenger boy !" " Here I be," said Teddy.

"Take the crank, Badger, that unlocks my safe!" "I have it, sir." twice, move the foot to the letter S, and fasten it

"I have it done, Friend Muggleby." "Open the safe, Badger, and hand me the strongbox, there,"

"It is here, before you."

"The boy, quick! where is he !" "Take that box, and give it to Tom Twitcher, my

brother-in-law. He lives in the Bullfrog Flats. Badger will tell you where. Tell Tom that I am dying, and that I give him back his own. Ask him to for-give—ah! Batse the window, I want air." Teddy turked up the window over the sofa, and threw the shutters open wide. The wind came pour-

ing in, and the snow fell in little clouds about the old nan's head and shoulders. It seemed to give him "I can't undo all the harm I've done in my life. though I would if I could, God knows I would if I could. But there's one other-Harvey. The

papers, Badger! Get them! I am going-my head is not right-1-1 can't think of the combination. Find They were already on the table. The lawyer drew

"The boy !" demanded Old Muggleby.

" Hero, sir."

"You came from Harvey. Cive him those, and say I ask his pardon. And, lad, come close, I want my nicee—he will marry her—I want her prayers, lad.

Young Maggleby had sunk down from his chair to the floor and slowly crawled almost at full length to the sofa. The old man's burning eyes fell on him, and he reached out his hand.
"Peter," he said, "Pm to blame. I've led you grong from the day you were born. It's all over now,

Peter, and as I ask mercy of God, I give pardon to on. Look out of the window. It is coming Christ-The light was breaking in the East, and through the open window the Christmas snow quickly drew its white shroud over him.

X. TEDDY MAKES HIS CHOICE FROM AMONG A GREAT VARIETY OF BEILLIANT OPPORTUNITIES.

Bright and glorious was the dawn of that Christmas Day, ushered in by the gay noises of sleigh bells and determined shovels that fought desperately with the heavy snow on the sidewalks. The air was full of infinitesimal particles of snow hurled aloft by the aggressive shovels, and the warm, good humored sur shone down and lit them up like so many millions of floating diamond sparks. "Merry (hristmas:" said the milkman to the beaming, broad faced cook as he poured her pitcher full of delicious milk. And when e would say "G'long wid ye!" and ask if that was all he could give her in memory of the day, faith, no Many's the light hearted milkman that came scamper ing up the area steps in search of his hat in the snow, and many's the blushing cook that disappeared into the hitchen arranging her dishevelled hair. " Merry Christmas i" said the policeman to the waitress as she opened the front door and brushed the snow from the top step where the mat was to lie. It wasn't so merry, though, but that it might be made merrier still, and many's the policeman and many's the waitress that stood in the vestibule discussing the best way of making a Christmas cheerful "Merry Christmas:" cried the olind beggar, as he stood on the corner in the sun, to the old woman who was unfolding her morning papers and laying them out on her little stand, "What a day it'll be for your trade !" " Faith, an' it will, sor," she answers, as she gives him a seat on her somp-hox

tool, "the pooblic buys big av a Chris'mus." Good for the Christmas tide is a heavy snow and a generous sun, a quick, sharp air, and a quiet breeze that serves only to make red cheeks and rousing appetites. Good are the market sights, where streams of happy souls move this way and that through long avenues lined with turkeys, and ducks, and quail, and rabbits, and cranberries, and celery, and all the wonderful array of Christmas cheer. Good are the big shop windows with their Christmas trees and their Noah's Arks with elephants astride of their roofs, and drew a digestive sigh, and said, "I reckon dat's all

paid accomplice and bound with a rope of his own | lions playing at hide and seek with fleecy sheep beprovision by the hand he himself had hired. But to have this cunning coward of a lawyer taking advanary are the Punch-and-Judys, bobbing up and down in their boxes like restless Jacks-in-the-Pulpit, and work cas almost more than he could bear. The last feather Ing their queer heads about as if their necks were con structed on the same principle as a goose's. Good are the waxy Dolls that go to sleep just like other folks when they lie down and cry pitcously, as who would not when they are punched in the stomach. Good is the Donkey, the sleepy, uncertain Donkey, with his big panniers on either side that might ordinarily make lonkeys fall down, but in this case aid him in standing up, panniers full of chocolates, and bull's-eyes and drops. Good are all these things and the thon sands more that tell of the Christmas time and spread its golden cheer about every blazing hearth.

In the matter of blazes there was a hearth in the

and redder than any hearth in the Fourth Ward, which is saying a good deal, for whatever the Fourth Ward doesn't know, at least it knows how to keep the For of July and Christmas. It began to blaze early to hired only to families of substance and worth, was entirely heated by steam, yet the fire-place was open one, concealed only by the Doge's Daughte down into the water, and about to get into her Con Early that morning, the Widow O'Grady knocked on the outside door of the first floor, and had informed the maid who opened it that she had come to replace the Doge's Daughter with the auditous This sacrifice of art to utility had been made, and the Widow O'Grady's scrub-woman had stowed five baskets of hickory wood away in the closet and had crowded another one into the fire-place, and had started the blazes going before Miss Twitcher came down to break fast. Miss Twitcher was delighted, and so was Mi Harvey Almond, when they learned of the Widow O'Grady's attention. They had scarcely finished their buckwheat cales before there was another knock at the door and the maid presently returned. "Please, mum," she said, "it's the butcher's boy with

"But I ordered no turkey," Russet answered, with rather a red face. "Tell him it's a mistake, Mary."
Mary went off and came back. "Please, mum," she said, "he says it ain't no mistake, mum. "Why, that's very odd!" exclaimed Miss Twitcher.

Where is the boy, Mary ?" He was in the parlor, which was also the library and the sitting room, and the only room in the flat where anybody could go, and into it, followed by Miss Twitcher, her father and Harvey, the maid led the way. "Little boy," said Miss Twitcher, "you must have

made a mistake about the turkey." "Is dis eight t'irty a. m., er ain't it?" asked the tittle boy Miss Twitcher referred to the clock, and was bound

concede that it was eight-thirty a. m. "Is dis de Bullfrog Flats, er ain't it?" Debate upon this point was obviously out of the

" Is die de first floor front or ain't it?" He was a little boy, scarcely as big as the turkey, but he was certainly the making of a deadly logician "An' is de name Twitcher, er ain't it?"

Russet could not deny her identity. "Den yere's de turk'," said the little boy, and without more ado be extricated it from the basket, shoved it into Mary's arms, and departed with the air of a man on whom the game of repudiation would not work. The turkey was conveyed off into the kitchen, and The turkey was convexed off into the kitchen, and
Mr. Twitcher took his seat in an arm chair before the
glowing fire. Russet bent ever him and hissed each
pallid check, and whispered Christmas greetings in his
ear. Then she drew the sofa up before the hearth
still clad in black, as if he still would grieve. ear. Then she drew the sofa up before the hearing and bade Harvey Re down upon it, for he was still a little faint and weak. She placed a little bassock by her father's side and full in Harvey's view, and sat down upon it. With her white, round arms she down upon it. With her white, round arms she elegated the old man's knee and looked brightly and place the lower glories foil on foid. mights were sadder than they were willing to ac-

with the sweet potatoes and the eranberries, and the clery, and the canned corn, and the nots and raisins.

These flowers are God's own syllables;
They plead so dowingly, they lead so gently upward to this hills.

" But I ordered none of those things," cried Russet. Why, what can it mean?" " And, please mum, it's the baker's boy, too, with the mince ple, and the fruit cake, and the plum pud-

ding, all ready for the oven." "Well, but, I don't understand this at all. Are you sure they have the right place!" Yes, mum; and please, mum, it's another boy with the evergreens, mum, all made up into carlands.

There's cedar, and hemlock, and holly, murn." "Oh, but it's all a mistake, Mary. They don't mean them for us." "And please, mum, it's another boy with a letter,

Well, bring in the boy with the letter, Mary

The boy with the letter was brought, and the letter was spread open. It read as follows:

"New York, Christmas Moen.

"Mapan: I have the honor to address you in the name and on behalf of Mr. T. O'Crady, who desires me to say that after the fatigues and excitement of an eventful evening, he finds himself constrained to seek recoperation in southing slumter. He especially desired me, Madam, to say, though I comply with no little doubt and misgiving, inasmuch as his frequently mysterious language in this instance sounds exceeding by alarming, that he was going to blow you off to a scrumptious spread." I have no means of knowing, Madam, what this extraordinary phease is intended to signify. I merely, as in duty bound, repeat it for what I trust may be your edification and enfilther.

The bord, He gave the Lord shaif take away.

And hest it is, loiting man, complain, where it is small rain; I behold the justice of the same is small rain; I behold the justice, in similar fact, in this white, quite it over the lord does in the trilly an Analysis of the same in this white, quite it does.

And hear the lord of the same is small rain; I behold the justice, the same in this white, quite it is not large and leavy incles waves. Thus heave the Lord shaif take away.

And also the is, loiting man, complain, where it is small rain; I behold the justice it on the same it is small rain; I behold the justice it is small rain; I behold the latest it is to take it is small rain; I behold the latest it is to take it is small rain; I behold the latest it is to take it is small rain; I behold the latest it is to take it is small rain; I behold the latest it is to take it is small rain; I behold the latest it is to take it is smal

"P. S .- I should add that Mr. O'Grady is entirely satisfied that it was heart disease. Miss Twitcher's face as she laid down this episite

and looked up at Harvey was a map of amazement. Whaton earth is all this about ?" she exclaimed. "Who is Dubidway Endger?"

"I know!" cried Harvey, jumping up from the sofa,
"I's all right. Testly has done something or another,
I'm sure I can't imagine what. But never mind that,
he'll soon be here to tell us. Ifring in all the boys." "Yes, but what's this about 'blowing me off to a

scremptions spread? Toddy says funcy things, but I never heard him say anything like that. "Oh, that's all right;" said Harvey. "' Blow off' means ' to freat.' Teddy proposes to celebrate his a success with a Christmas dinner. It must have been a success, don't you see, or be wouldn't want to relebrate it. Bring in the other loys,"

" But what can the man mean by saying that 'it's the heart disease?" "The boys are waiting, Russet, dear, with the cel-

ery, and the cranterries, and the plum pudding, the ples, the cake and the overgroons."
"Yes, mum," added Mary, "and please, mum, it's another boy still, which has just come, mum, with a "Goodness me !" cried Russet, " will the boys never

stop? Take the things, Mary, and give them each ten-cent piece from my purse there on the table." Soon the savory odors of the roasting turkey and the balling potatoes, and the plum pudding all ready for the oven, and the ple and the cranberry sauce, began to grow temptingly strong. Soon the rattle of dishes end the jingle of forks and spoons put an edge on their sharpening appetites, and just when Mary swining the curtains aside and said, "Please, mum, dinner is served," the door opened and in walked Tedunder his arms were a bundle of papers, and as he cried "Merry Chris'mus, Mr. Twitches ! Merry Chris'nus, Miss Sue! Merry Chris'mos, Mr. Almond." his

face broadened in one copious grin.

They setzed upon him and bore him triumphantly to the table, and when they had reverently bowed their heads and breathed a silent thanksgiving, Teddy began the story of his adventures in Old Muggleby's spools house. He told them all about his grim meeting with the old man at the door, his conversation upstairs, and his terrifying encounter with the warty imp; all about the arrival of the burglars, the assault on Old Muggleby, the triumph of his wicked son and its easy turning into humiliation and defeat; all about the opening of the safe and the old man's short recovery, his penitonee and his acts of restitution, and when he had done, he undid Harvey's papers and opened Mr. Twitcher's strong box, and revealed to their wondering gaze their lost but recovered fortunes.

Wasn't it a happy quartette that clustered around plump, white-haired Kris Kringles. Good are the that table when Teddy leaned back in his chair, and

dey is ter tell." Mr. Twitcher beamed on him with an expression of amazed gratitude. Harvey wrung his hands till they were limp and blue, and Russet came over to his chair and put both her arms around the street boy's neck and kissed him till he blushed like a rose. She ran her fingers in among his tangled, sandy hair and kissed him again and again. She patted his cheeks, and pulled his ears, and rubbed his nose. "Teddy!" she cried, "you dear, good, brave boy! What a happy Christmas you have given us." Teddy emerged from these embraces with the first

shy feeling he had ever detected in his composition. But it soon passed away. " Ef ye had er fixed me up like dat before I went. he said, "I'd er licked Young Muggleby's imp, banged

of I wouldn't !" " Do you really think it was a ghost, Teddy?" "Does I? Well, of you'd er saw him undoln' his head and chuckin' off his arms an' legs, you'd er

t'ought he was all de spook yer cared 'bout hevin' fer one Chris'mus." The force of this point was too obvious for denial, and then with subdued and forgiving voices they talked of the dead man lying there alone and Harve got ready to start out, sich as he was, to find Mr. Badger, and to see that the last rites should be decently performed. They talked of Young Mugglels who had started that very morning for Texas, a brute and a oward to the last, leaving the protection of his in terests to his lawyer, and the performance of his duties to the dead to those whom they both had treated

so cruelly. When they rose from the table Harvey led the way back fato the parlor with his arm about Russet, and together they stood by her father's side.

"Russet," said Harvey, "when we are married on What. Harvey, so soon?"

"Yes, my children," Mr. Twitcher interposed, "the sooner the better." "When we are married, I was about to say," Harvey went on, "Teddy shall be our best man,"
"So he shall, Harvey. And when we go back to

us, mustn't he, father?" It shall be his home, daughter, if he will have it." "Yes, and you must go to school, Teddy, and grow up like the manly little gentleman you are." "That's good," Harvey added, "and then he shall go into business with me."

"Or if he prefers to be a doctor-" said Russet. "Or a lawyer-" Interrupted Harvey. "Or a clergyman," suggested Russet. "What a lovely young minister Teddy would make with a long black gown and a white surplice, standing up in Grace

Thurch reading the lessons !" "Perhaps," said the old man, smiling, "perhaps we'd better let Teddy choose his own destiny. V does thee wish, Teddy, for a Christmas present? "Well, I ain't pertick'er," he answered. "But ef ye wants ter fix me up fer good, Jis' git me a job ter LEMULL ELY QUIGG.

TWILIGHT AT NAZARETH.

From advance sheets of The American Magazine. Thou, leaf-bound, hill-built Nazureth; so lorn, and yet so fair to see! Thy restill, foot worn, hill-bein path, Thy gray, time-torn ponegramate free, thy fountain in the heart, thy hallowed hill-thy heart, thy Vogin's rountain, flowing still!

I see the training briony Along thy level housetops creep And droop now down, droop sedemitly, As droop dark veils where women weep, I can but think upon that dead third day When women came to roll the stone away.

Thy valleys still are funtful fair, Forsaiting not, forgetting haught thoughts were sadder than they were willing to at knowledge. Presently another knock sounded at the door.

"Please, mum," said Mary, "it's the grocer's bey In speech like flownes, for God hein heauty's sake.

> o gonly upward to his hus-if we neight only learn to read— if we might only learn to read and knew hrist's book of eighteen hundred years ago! I think we then should all rejuce, hysterica should know the beautours mysteries, Should loy with one wide sommon voice. As not the great earth energy stars us read, found we but read as thirst would nave us read, we then might have the bring God indeed?

And this the lesson, this the book. That less while open now as then, And dost them, stricken soul, complain? Lehold the crushed blooms at tay leek; Their givers is to rise again. And yield their sweetness ctill have swe The boy with the letter was brought, and the letter The Lord, He gave the Lord shall take away

signify. I merely, as in duty bound, repeat it for what I trust may be your edification and enlighten ment. Mr. O'Grady commissions me finally and in conclusion to say that he will have the honor of waiting in person upon you at 1.20 o'clock p m.

"Permit me, Madam, to effer you my sincers condelences upon the sad beceavement with which you are visited at this sucred hour. I can say, as Antony did of Gesar, he was my friend.

"Faithfully, Malam, and with infinite cateem, I remain, your servant to command,

"Pinixiway Burger.

"Pinixiway Burger.

"Two doves its down; they are so will, you that You hear them is a back change to in the sample of the field of the appeared in the appeared in the species of ediffuses excrywhere!

A finite that has proceed in an include a peak. A point that has proceed in the appeared in the peak of ediffuses excrywhere!

For He is gone. Birds of the air will have been been and the file in the substant seems to stay. As if to wait his coming back aiway:

—[Joaquín Mille

T E LOST KISS

I put by the half-written poem.

While the pen, thy traded in my hand,
Writes my, "Had I words to complete it,
V ho'd read it, or wheel d moders and!"
But the little bare feet in the valvay,
And the faint, smokered laugh in the hall,
Cry up to me over it all. So I gather it up-where was broken. The tear faded thread of my theme, Telling how, as one night I sat writing, A fatry broke in on my dream,

A little in institive fairy—
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair, and the demy
line eyes of the faires of old. Twas the dear little girl that I scolded-"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was bissy.
To come romping in for a kiss!
Come rowdying up from her mother
And claimoring there at my lace
For 'One 'little kiss for my dolly
And one 'ittle uzzer for me!'

And one little lizer for me?

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold heart that turned her away!
And take from the lips that denied her
This answerless prayer of to-day!
Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pittful sob of despair.
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet
And the one percing rry on the stair!

I put by the half written poem,
While the per, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
But the little hare feet on the stairway,
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
And the cerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Pray tell me, now, said a maiden gay, Does love last forever, or die in a day? I cannot say. Does he who is scorned return no more?
Can love exist in a heart of three score?
O yes-galore. And how does a passionate lover fare Who pleads in vain? Does he tear his hair? He may if he dare. And he who is hopeless, what does he do?. Does he drawn limed? Does the lady rue? He only looks blue.

- JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

In cain shall waves of inceuse drift The vaulted nave around; In vain the minster turrets lift Their brazen weights of sound. The heart must ring thy Christmas bells, Thine inward allass raise; Its faith and hope thy canticles, And its obedience praise.

PREACHING GOOD OLD REPUBLICAN GOSPEL Prom The Somerville (N.J.) Unionist Gazette.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE is the greatest and best
Republican newspaper in the metropolis. CURRENT ANECDOTES.

WHERE IGNORANCE HAD BEEN BLISS.
From The Kingston (N. Y.) Frozman.
A near-sighted man, who lives not far from Kingston,
ad never worn or looked through a rair of glasses' until had never won's rosed in rough a pair of gases until a short time ago. One day a petider called, and among other things, he effect eyed says for sale. He per-suaded the man to "try on "a pair. After the farmer had admissible the glasses, he housef at objects in the room, with astonishment. Finally his even rested upon his wife. He took a long look at her and then exciaiment; "Jane, sane, I never would have married you if I had known you was so homely."

A MAN OF WEALTH.

Prom The Philadelphia North American.

While the wealthinst oper of calors are received to be those in Partimore, there are huntreds who have lived all their lives on the little islands in the dreary maste of waters, who can real estate of considerable value, and who can count taker each of thousands. Many of these people are lifternic and eithern to first rechards of rediscions, and clad in blow sists and specifications of rediscions, who can be seen in spawning time barefording the little barts, busiles hear and cay contace conformably furnished, and who can see size their manes to \$10,000 or \$20,000 checks and have a star businesself. An ancetic will close this arches and illustrate the texts of the appearances are described. One of these operations, notice and illustrate the first of the appearances are described. One of these operations, notice and illustrate the first of the appearance are described. One of these operations, as and that the manner born, lived on land additions a significant belonging a New York man. The operations are described to the manner and customs of these unsophisticated but hear praidle people. Dreased in the height of fashion, he sought out the opsic rotant. He found this with nothing on but his tonesers, rotaled to his knees, an old blue chier, with no hat and his his unkempt. He was scrubblar out his canon.

out his cance.

The New-Yorker leghest surprised, and concluded he was the victim of a loke.

The salmations of the day were exchanged and the was the victim of a joke. The salurations of the day were exchanged and the question of the sale at the land brought up.

"I say, stranger, str you the man who owns that sir land him'ney patch?"

"I am that person," reputed the gentleman in a dignitited maner person,"

"And you want to sit clear of it!"
"I have concluded to dispose of it if I can secure a sat-isfactory price."
"Sat, stranger, what's your lowest figur—way down,

now."
"If I were to give you the lowest figures, it means cash. our old house uptown, he must come and live with you think we can deal!"
If means cash, ch! Way down figures: give 'em to, We'll see about the cash."
We'll, undoubtedly, you know about its value—say

"That a the lowest, chi " reflectively. "Say, stranger whar rou frem!"
"New-York City."
"New-York City." he repeated. "Won't take no less?"

"New York City," he repeated. "Won't thin he hear?"

"Tant is a fair figure, in fact, a sacrifice,"

"Say, stranger, jes' wait till I git my coat an' but, an' I'll blut the bargain."

The gentleman looked at his costoner in surprise while the frientwhe accompanied him, and told this story, could scarcely repress his rishbittles. He climbed into the way, had the necessary papers executed, not a friend to write his check for \$500, and went to the bank and drew the measy, and as he handed it is the nonphissed gentleman, he resarrked with a broad grin: "You thought! was a foolin, but just come down this air way again an' I'll gin you a check for your buildure city of New-York." And he was of with a wave of the hand.

CLEVELAND'S WORST OVERSIGHT.

CLEVELAND'S WORSE OVERSIGHT.

"Colonel, you're a good Democ.at," Tremarked to Colonel Bourbon the other day; "what do you think of the Presticat's message!"

"It was very discreditable, sir, very discreditable," replied the colonel with some warnth. "The itea of dovorme his entire message to the tariff"

"well," I admitted, "he might have said something about the Stharles, Clvid Sarvice reform and—"

"Hoog the hisheries! Civil Sarvice reform he blowed!"
reared the colonel. "Way, that man spont two days in this town and be saw the whole of it. I was on the reception committee. And yet there isn't a word in the whole blank message about Karsas City. Cleveland is a great, far, decless cumberer of the ground." A BABE'S HEAD FOR A TACK HAMMER.

From The Noveich (Conn.) Bulletin.

A queer accident happened to a Roathest, child, eighteen months old, the other day. As it was taking its first lessons in waking it fell over backward, striking the back of its head upon a back arriving it into the skull full length. Is attempting to remove the tack the parents broke off the head of it, and a surgeon applied cocaine, eponed the scalp and drew the tack out. The removal of the tack proved a difficult task with the most approved instruments.

HARD TO PLEASE.

HARD TO PLEASE.

From the Windowston ortice.

Little Nellie, of West hind, was in an avenue store yesterday with her mother, and sile was greatly pleased with the chirast assurant of delia.

"Mannan," she said, "I want a baby."

Yory well, Nellia, "mantable baby." "Mannan," she said, "I want a basy."
Very well, Seline, "seline; her mother, "year shall have one," and Neille soon had a doil in her arms, but she was ont satisfied and still hing about the cold display. Finally half in fear and half in hope she whis-

damma, I'd like to have twins." SHE WILL ALWAYS BUY THESE HEREAFTER. SHE WILL ALWAYS BUY THECE HEREATTER.

They are in the show store. Mr. Man has bought for himself a pair of confortable arctics and Mrs. Man has fitted her dainty feet with the sweetest thing in handsome shows the arrise in leather could design. "How much do I swe you?" asks Mr. Man. "Eleven dollars much a quarter," smilingly says the diplematic clerk; "two dollars for the half's shoes and nine and a quarter for your arctics, sir." And his salary is ruised, for he has gained for the house a sicultast eastone.

GREAT STATE MISSOURI IS. In the South Kennington Green, Lendon, there is an each more accepted of a masterior from Benton County, Missouri, Takestonner when Courtessman O'Neill of that of the was over he was wantering around the won level light same into its face;
"By thunder, John," he ex minused raphic susty to his
comparison, "lose at that I Just look at P once!"
It's comparison, an Englishmen, look at with more or

less indifference.
"I see it," he seed with provoking coolness.
"Not, home, lock at that hescription; it come from Missauri!" cooling d'the congressman eritats assauly.
"soil dissouri! My Note, man! And its the togest thing in the whose missons!"

A MEAN SOUT OF HORSE.

From The Planar (Cil.) National,

Last week Goorge Herring started from Indian's Valley for this and left in a cart drawn by a wifel mustaing. When he came to the fools spetials he storped to get a drink of water. In getting out he standard to tun with George hanging to the lines. If went quite a distance, when haves, cart, and oriver went over the grade, roing down the hill flity feet building up a rather some houses. He not the leave and part tack no the grade, when the horse fell in the road and was mable to rise. George tied the lister strap to the eart, and proceeded to unharness the bases. As quick as the harness was off, the horse strengted to his feet and went of the grade again, draceing the cart by the halter strap. By this time tonger, who had been sick for some time, was about exact such in the managed to get down to the horse and got him head on the grade again, leaving the eart had been sick for some time, was about exact strap to the form the rate again, leaving the cart. Thinking herseback riding would be good for an invalid, he attempted to ride back to Shouly, but was ignorinously backed off twice in about a minute. He was counciled to lead the horse to shouly, where he pet a saddle, and again a tempted to resume his journey, but the broneo again bucked him off. His foot him, in the strap and the horse ran over him a councile of times and kieked his clothes nearly off. George came to the coorcinston that a freight wagon was the safest mode of travelling, so be came to Guney with Mr. Metatehoon, where he arrived in the leaving the form of the sore and his clothes badly damaged.

BOYS WILL BE ROYS. A MEAN SORT OF HORSE.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

From The Pittsburg Diagotch.

Something of a sensation was caused at a fashionable afternoon "cother" given in the East End, last week, by the collapse of a cake. The lady of the house prided berset on the manufacture, that is through the hands of her could, of a peculiarly delicious cake. A fine specimen of this delicary roosted among the cottee curs on this occasion. At the proper time, with a cension statistics which see postfacious cake, he decided curs on this occasion. At the proper time, with a cension statistics which see postfacious sames when officialing as high priestess at the tea table, the host as inserted a kindo in the cake. The secretaiors noticed that the color began to eith out from the curtier's checks as the kinic sand easily through the cutter's checks as the kinic sand easily through the cutter's checks as the kinic sand easily through the cutter's checks as the kinic sand easily through the cutter's checks as the kinic sand easily through the cutter's checks as the kinic sand easily through the cutter's checks as the kinic sand easily through the cutter's checks a very common the secret was out. The cake subsided and a lay a shapeless rain of mere crust. The cake had no interior besides air.

Throwing a veil over the terrible seene which ensued in the drawing room, we can revert to the morning temediately preceding the discovery. In the larder of that lady's house behold two incorrigible boys, her sons, solemnly digging with jack-knives into the howels of the precious cake. They are making unit themselves a glorious feast, but with a wicked caulion preparing the shell of a grand disappointment for their mother's greats. They set up the skin of the preparing the shell of a grand disappointment for their mother's guests. They set up the skin of the cale carefully and made their escape. Celle and corporal punishment visited these young bandits later on.

A Million Boxes A Year.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purity the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been consumed. This, together with thousands of convincing testia

monials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely veges

table, absolutely harmiess, and safe to take at any tim Sold in every drug and mediciae store, cliker plain or